

Brasília, 03 de março de 2020



Dear Sheyla Cristina, Sandra, Ocean, Aurora, Griselda, Guadalupe, Godzilla, Fanny,
Tereza and Nicole,

I have things I would like to share with you all. Sensitive secret thoughts, that are made of the shadow, silence, darkness we inhabited together, and still reverberant around me. May this letter be the decantation process of the smoke of our past, thinking these feelings while they fall down calmly.

Some of these sensations reverberate the after-sleep-subtle-apocalypse that we conjured together, in us, in the space, in our dreams. Unsettled feelings of things that ran like the imaginary river we saw entering the Atelier, floating and flooding the weird bodies that we rode and rode us. Secrets of our sometimes invisible, irreparably asymmetrical, polemical and for some, quite unbearable, performing experience, Cheek to chicken.

We established conditions of relationship that would shape our dance, and the scenery where it emerges. You came and danced over us, upon us, without us. You chickens don't need the human, the human needs you. The chicken coop takes shape, with people wearing different skins, in subtle spells and heavy storms, the spirit of the human and the chicken changing skins and shaping a world where a flood gravitates.

Sincerely, my dears, I don't know if I can write all that I felt, or even if that can be put in words. I live all the time in negotiation with myself and my mysteries, and I still don't know if, when I place them in this colonized-western lexicon, they become a simulacrum, an empty capsule of lost things, other than the things that these mysteries are, hold and hide.

Staying in the unseen can protect me, and everything that is part of underlying worlds from disappearing. But, the apparition of them - of us - is a performance of resistance and visibility of what has no place in the so called "world" - that can also be called hegemony. Every glimpse of appearance of the invisible, bends millimeter by millimeter the pillars of the old violent colonial structures that are called "world-world", making it every second a inch closer to its own decay.

Our secrets are not sacred in a western-white-god-like aseptic sense, we were rolling in your shit, for god's sake. When a mystery is noticed, we construct an interior pact to be a container, to keep caring and passing to other bodies something as fragile as your egg yolk. We keep engaged in this sensorial sharing waiting and delaying the moment of its rupture, until it does, and you come and eat the melting yellow mass from our bare skin. I'm interested in working in this place of not knowing when it might break until it is broken, holding in the mouth each moment, tasting minutes pranged with the possibility of "failure" or "success".

Silent gestures in abyssal subtlety, be a spell, transmute matter. Being the body of an animal that wears the skin of other animals in a chicken coop forged on the barbecue of history. A community that scans time and excavates banal elements of mystical preciousness and conjures underground spells. Interspecies captivity, gold on the rise - all gold is the memory of an unpayable debt. A reunion, reattachment reconnection, reintegration, refitting, merging into urgent risk. As said Musa Michelle MatiuZZi and Jota Mombaça, to think (dance) the destruction of the world as we know it as a form of care.

I don't know, guys, even if I manage to give words to hide or show these mysteries, I am writing to you. You are chickens, and chickens cannot read letters. You are busy and curious reading space, time, weather, with the precision of your high skilled hypothalamus and your 300 degree UV sensitive vision. I'm sure you followed up with your lives, in your respective gardens, checking the taste of random things, producing miraculous daily eggs and other sensible, banal or cruel matters that I cannot read, or recognize, but deep in your mysterious world, they exist regardless of my disability to grasp them. We booth are still a mystery to each other, and I find that beautiful.



My dears, If I could, I would dress with your feathers, and your sharp beak to taste how is to see the world with yours eyes, looking to both sides at the same time. To see the world with strong, calm, angry eyes, like the kind killer that you are. Most people think of you as a pray. But I feel your fire.

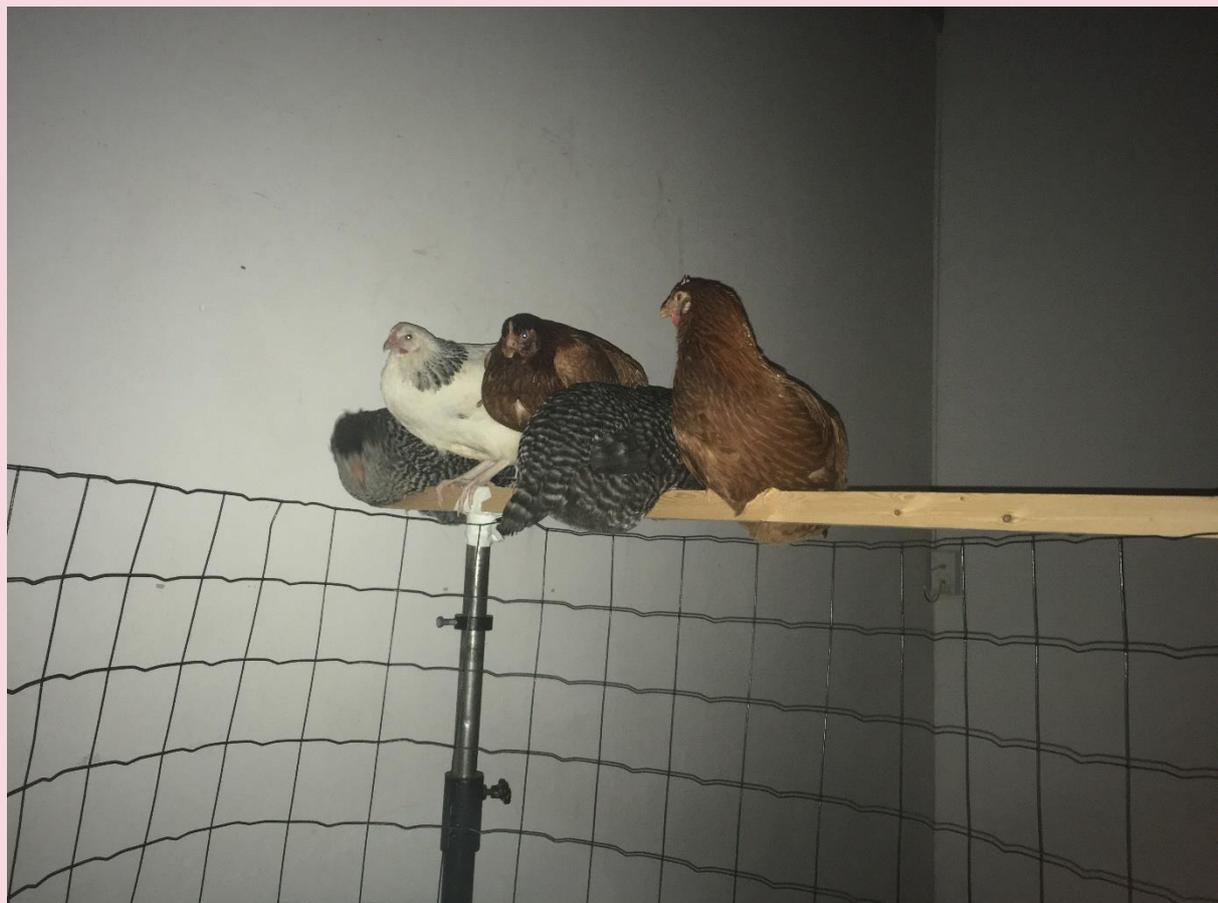
Your simplicity and scary beauty. Your vulnerability and cruelty. Your very very human feelings of jealousy. (this is for you Sheila Cristina when you attacked the other chickens that came after you to the studio, and made me see myself in you, as imperfect, mundane, and short tempered brown girls that we are.) To experience the alchemy and absolutely hardcore, complex and magical bio-technology of



producing and laying an egg (and you take it as a humble, unpretentious, genial work of daily life art).

To feel in me your post-gender-sexual-intestinal-urinary-organ-ass-pussy cloak, at the same time visionary and absolutely colonized by the mass production animal exploiting industry. I feel you there. Our power is our doom, and vice versa, your sorcery is what makes you a slave of monoculture production to feed humans, and as a racialized-pussy-born-south-American artist living in Europe, that's my biggest fear.

But still... I wish I could experience your brain with your multi shaped curiosity, and your courage, your hunger to taste each and everything, without judgment and hierarchy. Foot, dirt shit, even your own eggs devoured with cannibalistic desire. I would love to learn to eat my own eggs with your eager and randiness, turning myself into a threat to the farmers profit, and teaching my sister-chickens to do the same, in a mouth-to-mouth anthropophagic feast that may shock humans who have never been through what we've been through, but fuck it.



You are a specialist in survival, you are cannibal if you need to, you delight to eat your own eggs, and I find that shockingly and subversively beautiful.

I also don't know what you have been through before we met. I don't know what you understand when I say world, and what you see when I say love. With what ethics can I try to be close to

you, in my colonized alphabet, while my kind still oppresses yours, slave your unpaid work, eat and expose your flesh in every corner of what they call the world?

I don't really know how to deal with that, because, seriously, in this "world-world" I rarely am in the other side, and in this case, even if I am oppressing you, I am more a chicken than a human. In the histories of barbecue, as say Donna Haraway, my body has also been placed in the ashes. I am less of a human than some humans that call out my oppression to you. Because, we can be humans, but not all of us are "human-humans", our bodies are really different, and asymmetric in what their destiny can be regarding what is called world and what is not inside the scythe of colonial structures.

Maybe that's why I want to write to you, and not to anyone else... To communicate is a challenge of subtle and painful negotiations when your body is not inside of what is called "world-world". Negotiating between what is considered true, and what is not considered, not because it doesn't exist, but because of the epistemicide and erasure of every body or ontology not centered in the center of the so called world.

That's why our protection goes beyond worlds. That's why every step into the "light" is an invitation to set the whole world into darkness.

Por isso nossos mistérios são intraduzíveis.

Na macumba, a você é deusa e é oferenda. Por mais controversa que a prática de sacrifício e oferenda seja para quem não é de axé, e tendo em consideração que a morte de um animal como você cause mais comoção em alguns do que a morte e o sofrimento dxs corpys pretxs e pardxs que a cultuam, decido não entrar a fundo nesse assunto. Porque afinal de contas, aqui, escrevo pra mim e pra ti, nós duas entendemos de sacrifício, abuso e morte, e isso nos aproxima mais do que nos separa.

Seu corpo, como o meu, é lugar de comunicação entre humanx e não humanx, ou entre x orixá dx humanx e x orixá da natureza, que também habita x corpx humanx e seu corpo.

Nós somos oferenda, e para Exú dançamos a dança das galinhas vivas na encruzilhada.

Fincamos no chão nosso território e campo de força,

abrimos as portas do inferno que habitamos nesse mundo,

conjuramos até que ele desabe

em tempestade de ouro e merda.

173. Um campo de força pode ser uma cordilheira de fumaças ou um buraco escavado no barro, um arranjo de ervas especificamente posicionado em relação à nossa presença, uma emanção de força negra gerada em performance... Um campo de força não tem de ser forte, no sentido moral. Quase sempre, o campo de força é uma nave

precária, um portal em vias de desaparecimento, mas que instaura a condição de nossa
movência entre dimensões. (MOMBAÇA, MATIUZZI, 2020, pág15)



I fucking miss you.

Beijos enormes, sempre com sangue no olho, e amor no coração <3

Luara Learth Moreira

Ps.: I'm really sorry for abandoning you in the general rehearsal, Ocean.

Ps2.: Sheila Cristina, Godzilla and Ocean, I hope you are fine in your new farm-house with the artist intermitance of France.

Ps3.: All the other chicks that went back to the farm, I hope you dance everyday, eat your eggs, and burn the house down with love.